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If you want an Improved Copy of your Beautiful "Photo," call at the Excelsior Photographic Rooms, over the Clothing Store of L. J. Randall. The Proprietor has lately purchased a Large-sized Instrument, and would say to the public that he is now prepared to make

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WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With heavy thoughts of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;
Alone with the specters of the past,
That come with the old year's dying
chime,
There looms one shadow dark and vast—
The shadow of wasted time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to
climb;
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip
When we talk with wasted time?

What are we now? What had we been
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our utmost need to win,
Thro' the summer's heat and winter's cold,
Shrinking from naught that the world can do,
Fearing naught but the doom of crime,
Laboring, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no wasted time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew,
But 'ere from the rust of this cankering
chain,
A golden truth is glimmering through;
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year outdo the last,
There is no wasted time.

The First Turnpike.

Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labor of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through by the side of the stone which supported the sun dial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Highgate Hill—that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of means, and he devoted time to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it along the uneven track, which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel, he gave a pond to the folks on the hill, where it was greatly needed; and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known.

Travellers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of the highway; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him; and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing his meritorious act for the benefit of his fellow men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The king, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Philippe, the hermit," that he and the public might know wherefore. The king declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Highgate and Smithfield, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the way might be maintained and kept in repair, the king licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England; and William Philippe, the hermit, was the father of that race of turnpike-keepers whose sovereignty of the roads, within fifteen miles of London, came to an end, after a reign of five centuries, on the first day of the month of July, of this present year 1864.—*Cornhill Magazine*

The First Decision of the New Chief Justice.

Mr. Chief Justice Chase's first opinion attracted unusual attention from the bar. It was on a subject of national, and indeed of international importance. It touched a point never yet decided by a high tribunal, and went against uniform presumptions that had almost acquired the force of law. It is hardly necessary to say that the lawyers were delighted. The cogency of the reasoning was matched by the condensed vigor of the style, and both gave ample promise of a restoration of the best days of the court under John Marshall. Mr. Chase has the faculty—rare everywhere, but especially among lawyers—of compression in intellectual efforts. Chief Justice Taney furnished the bar with diluted food; Chief Justice Chase gives pemmican.

The case itself has been made familiar to the public. A blockade runner, attempting to get into the port of New Orleans, was captured some days after New Orleans was in our possession. Its intention to furnish its cargo to the rebels, and its ignorance of our occupation of the city, was not denied. The only question was whether this occupation by our troops had not raised the blockade, and therefore converted the blockade runner into a merchantman, making a lawful voyage.

Mr. Chase decided that the port had been closed by proclamation, and must remain blockaded until opened by proclamation. All the Justices save one sustained him.

FARMERS who make the most rapid improvement in husbandry are likely to be those who read most concerning their vocation. For the man who reads little, no matter what his vocation is, will be likely to think little, and act with reference to tradition, received from former generations, or else in imitation of what is going on about him. There is always hope of a man who loves reading, study and reflection.

THE popular man or writer is always the one who is but little in advance of the masses, never the man who is far in advance of them and out of their sight.

Stories of the President.

A writer in the *Watchman and Reflector* tells the following stories of the President: Mr. Lincoln has a fund of humor which though not always dignified, is harmless. It is ever apt and ready, and doubtless among all the wearing sorrows of his public life, has afforded him relief when he would otherwise have broken down under this heavy load. This jocoseness is sometimes grim and sarcastic. It is always playful, yet is never abusive, and seldom wounds. Often it is nicely adapted to the place and occasion, and is used with great effect. It is one form of that humor that is not uncommon in New England, especially in rural districts, and which, in a higher and more cultivated development, adorn the pages of Holmes, Lowell, and others of our literary men. About two years ago, when the Prince of Wales was soon to marry the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the sovereigns, informing them of her son's betrothal, and among the rest to President Lincoln. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, and who, by the way, is unmarried, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward. "May I please your Excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your Excellency. In it she informs your Excellency that her son, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited his reply. It was short, simple and expressive, and consisted simply of the words: "Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

We doubt if any English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and would be glad to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to her majesty. It is said that sometime since, when a deputation of clergymen presented an address to the President, in which he was styled "a pillar of the Church," he quietly and perhaps truthfully, remarked that "they would have done much better to call him a steeple."

Longing to be Wounded.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, writing from the lines of the army before Richmond, thus gives expression to a singular feeling which has for some time been prevalent among the troops on duty there, as well as in other parts of the field of war:

"Without loss of blood a soldier is rarely a hero. This the soldier is made to understand by the tone of the public press, by every personal letter that touches on the subject, and especially by all that he sees and hears if he is at the North on furlough. The consequence is, that a desire to be wounded is general among officers in the army, merely to meet the requirements of home sentiment. They know that no faithful service, no daring bravery, no unwavering endurance is so likely to win them praise at the far rear as is an entry of their name on the list of casualties. They know that those who were slightly wounded in the first of last spring, in Meade's or Butler's army, and have been since absent on sick leave, are to-day given ten times more honor in their native town than their fellows who remained at the front and were ten times more exposed to the flying bullets and bursting shell, while suffering all the privations and hardships of the fearful six months of unintermitted battle and campaigning. They know that the bullet which breaks the skin counts more than the exposure which breaks the constitution, or the blow which breaks the heart. They are ambitious, else they would be unfit for officers, and their ambition prompts them to crave a wound that they may win respect at home. If they are good officers, they don't want a severe wound—not enough to take them off duty, but just enough to count credit. I have heard officers boast of a wound, and others speak enviously of a wounded comrade, or bemoan their lack of at least a scratch for the surgeon to report."

THE EXPORT OF PETROLEUM.—The export of petroleum from the principal ports of the United States during the past year, have been about 32,000,000 gallons, and of this quantity there were sent to Great Britain 6,275,000 gallons; to France 4,625,000; Antwerp, 5,149,000; Bremen, 971,000; Hamburg, 1,186,000; Rotterdam, 533,000; Cronstadt, 400,000; Genoa and Leghorn, 635,000; Peru, 170,000; Lisbon, 167,000; China and East Indies, 34,000; Brazil, 149,000; Mexico, 113,000; Cuba, 418,000. In fact it was sent in large quantities to nearly every leading port in the world. Four thousand gallons were sent to light up the tombs of Egypt, and Hayti took 7,000 gallons.—Averaging the price of crude and refined at 75 cents per gallon, the value would be \$24,000,000. The statement, therefore, that the export of petroleum has filled the void occasioned by the non-export of cotton is erroneous, as the export of the latter before the war reached in value \$130,000,000 to \$140,000,000 per annum. Notwithstanding the large product of petroleum the past year, stocks in Europe and this country are very light.

CAN any civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

The Phil Grown Yankee.

Theodore Tilton, the able and wide-awake editor of the Independent, has been "out West." The time was once when if we wished to see the world we went "down East." All the sights worth seeing were "down East." Times have changed; things are changing, and public sentiment in changing. The Down-Easter now finds things to look at "out West," and he gets not a little expansion of soul by the operation. We Buckeyes who "keep tavern" along the highway between the two mythical points, are often amused at the tales our guests tell, each of the other; and we are also in a position to appreciate the eager, ever active pent up enterprise of the Down-Easter, which results in wooden nutmegs, patent churns, factories, and fishing smacks; and to comprehend the future of that same talent, working expansively in the West, where, as the eye can reach from horizon to horizon, the land is throbbing with fitness; where herds of fat bovines wander here and there through the native grasses, as alternated fields of wheat and corn, with here and there, scattered everywhere, the little prairie farm house, give an idea of the wealth and ease which expands and mellows the granite pinched heart of the New England Yankee. He behaves like a withered apple under the receiver of an air pump.

Mr. Tilton has put the thing so well that we give the following paragraph from a very just and eulogistic editorial in the Independent of the 26th ult. He says:

Child of the East, the West is the chief crown of the parent. The universal New England element westward is not only the best part of the West, but the best part of New England; for only the courageous, the energetic, and the conquering have had the will to quit Eastern homes for Western prairies. Thus the early pilgrims to New England have their truest sons in the later pilgrims from New England. A Yankee, therefore, does not come to his fullest stature in Yankee-land; the grown Yankee is the Westerner. At the East he is a geranium in a pot, thrifty and prim; at the West a geranium in a garden, where he grows rank, exuberant and generous. New countries greater men's souls.

Advantages of Crying.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy for a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud bellow, and they will feel a hundred percent better afterwards.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically suppressed the results may be St. Vitus' Dance, epileptic fits or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief, on the part of children as well as older persons—and regard the eyes and mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

EASILY SATISFIED.—A Dutchman and his intended appeared before a newly installed Dutch judge to be married. Bidding them join hands, the squire began: "Hans, dosh you lofe this wooman so mootch as you can?"

"Yaw," replied Hans.

"Katarine, dosh you love Hans so mootch as you can?"

"No," promptly replied Katarine.

"Dosh you lofe him enuff to marry him?"

"Yaw," replied Katarine.

"Vell, den, I bronounce you man and woman."

Hans asked the charge.

"Oh! nothing, nothing," replied the squire "if you ish satisfied I ish too."

On the river Amazon are to be found spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; green snakes just like a creeping plant, and lovely coral snakes, with bands of black and vermilion separated by clear white rings; monkeys only seven inches long; and owl-faced apes, sneeching all day and lively all night.

AN Irish painter declared in an advertisement, that, among other portraits, he had a representation of Death, as large as life.

Facts About the 7-30s—The Advantages they offer.

THEIR ABSOLUTE SECURITY.—Nearly all active credits are not based on Government securities, and banks hold them as the very best and strongest investment they can make. If it were possible to contemplate the financial failure of the Government, no bank would be any safer. If money is loaned on individual notes or bond and mortgage, it will be payable in the same currency as the Government pays with, and no better. The Government never has failed to meet engagements, and the national debt is a first mortgage upon the whole property of the country. While other stocks fluctuate from ten to fifty, or either a greater percent, Government stocks are always comparatively firm. Their value is fixed and reliable, beyond all other securities; for while a thousand speculative bubbles rise and burst, as a rule they are never below par, and are often above.

ITS LIBERAL INTEREST.—The general rate of interest is six per cent., payable annually. This is seven and three-tenths payable semi-annually. If you lend on mortgage, there must be a searching of titles, lawyers' fees, stamp duties and delays, and you will finally have returned to you only the same kind of money you would receive from the Government, and less of it. If you invest in this loan, you have no trouble. Any bank or banker will obtain it for you without charge. To each note or bond are affixed five "coupons" or interest tickets, due at the expiration of each successive half-year.

The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it to the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will every-where be equivalent, when due, to money. If you wish to borrow ninety cents on the dollar upon the notes, you have the highest security in the market to do it with. If you wish to sell it, it will bring within a fraction of cost and interest at any moment. It will be very handy to have in the house.

IT IS CONVERTIBLE into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-40 Loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable is not less than five, nor more than twenty years from its date, as the Government may elect. These bonds are held at such a premium as to make this privilege now worth two or three per cent. per annum, and adds so much to the interest. Notes of the same class, issued three years ago, are now selling at a rate that fully proves the correctness of this statement.

ITS EXEMPTION FROM STATE OR MUNICIPAL TAXATION.—But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On the average this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK.—While this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the Savings' Bank, for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But the gross interest which they receive, they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is 3 per cent. upon sums over \$500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 60 per cent more. Thus the man who deposits \$1000 in a private Savings' Bank receives 50 dollars a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives 73 dollars.—For those who wish to find a safe, convenient, and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

THE HIGHEST MOTIVE.—The war is evidently drawing to a close; but while it lasts the Treasury must have money to meet its cost, and every motive that patriotism can inspire should induce the people to supply its wants without delay.—The Government can buy cheaper for cash in hand than on credit. Let us see that its wants are promptly and liberally satisfied.

THE MASTAI FAMILY.—The present Pope is the youngest of three living brothers. His eldest brother, Count Gabriel, is eighty-four years of age, and the next, Count Gaetan, is 80; he has one sister the Countess Benigni, a vigorous old lady, seventy-seven years of age. Count Jerome, his father, died four-score and four years; and the Countess Catherine, his mother, at four-score and two. Finally, Count Hercules, his grandfather, lived to the patriarchal age of four-score and sixteen.—*Once a Week.*

Florence, South Carolina.

Florence, the point at which Sherman is aiming, and which he may have taken by this time, is an important railroad center in the north-eastern part of South Carolina. A railroad runs directly south to Charleston, a distance of about one hundred miles. Also from Florence a railroad stretches east to Wilmington, while another tends away south-westerly to Branchville, and still another connects it Cheraw, an important cotton depot, almost upon the North Carolina border.

The Santee River, Beauregard's present line of defense, runs about midway between Branchville and Florence. The latest rebel dispatches represent Tilton (Beauregard's real name) as watching and waiting for Sherman. When he assures himself that Tecumseh is at hand, he will fall back to safer quarters. Wheeler is said to be rearing and cavorting about among the brakes and slashes, in a style very bedabbling to his horse and his uniform. But if his blows and dashes avail as little to impede the Federal march as they did in the recent advance upon Savannah, they are no more to be heeded than the kick of a grasshopper.—We forgot to state that at Florence, South Carolina, is one of the most extensive military prisons in the Confederacy. Winder was superintending this at the time of his death. Where they will run the captives to, should Florence be taken, we do not know. Their pen is growing, like their hopes, very contracted. In a little while, according to present indications, a removal North, South, East or West, will land the Confederates in the arms of their Federal friends.

An Item which every Man should Read.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a woman has been magnified by malicious minds, until the cloud has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend those "hints" as worthy of consideration. Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in a mixed company.—Never make assertions about her that are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of woman's name in a reckless, unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of society—lost to every sentiment of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken, by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly like the wind, and magnify as it circulates until its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women; and as you would have their names untarnished, and unblemished by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon your mother or sister, or the wife of some fellow creature.

POWER OF ELOQUENT PERSUASION.—Edward Livingston was a zealous Free-Mason, and in his "Life" a passage from one of his addresses as President of the Louisiana lodge is introduced for the sake of the anecdote connected with it: "My brethren, have you searched your hearts? Do you find there no lurking animosity against a brother? Have you had the faculty never to have cherished, or are you so happy as to have banished all envy at his prosperity, all malicious joy at his misfortune? If you find this the result of your scrutiny, enter with confidence the sanctuary of union. But if the examination discovers either ranking jealousy, or hatred long concealed, or even unkindness, or offensive pride, I entreat you to file not the altar of friendship with your unhallowed offering; but in the language of the Scripture, 'Go, be reconciled to thy brother, and then offer thy gift.'"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the sudden movement of two of the audience, who rushed into each other's arms. They were real brothers, who had quarrelled, and had not been on speaking terms for several years.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ZEPHYR.—The Virginia City (Nevada) Union of the 27th ult. says:

"About 10 o'clock night before last, while zephyr was raiding through town, tearing down awnings, twisting off window shutters, signs, and all sort of things, it came across one of the big wagons of the Reese River Fast Freight Line standing on South C street, and just took it up bodily and carried it over house-tops and everything else, and landed it about half a mile away over in Cedar Ravine, smashing it pretty essentially. This wagon weighed about 2,200 pounds. If they've got any gentle zephyrs anywhere that can match ours when they get going, just let 'em fetch 'em along."

A LAWYER, in defending his client, said: "Even his failings lean to virtue's side."

To which the opposing counsel replied: "In that case, his failings resemble the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which, notwithstanding its long inclination, has never gone over."